

Makes Welsh as sweet as Ditties highly penn'd;
Sung by a faire Queene in a Summers Bowre,
With rauishing Diuision to her Lute.

Glend. Nay, if thou melt, then will she runne madde.

The Lady speaks againe in Welsh.

Mort. O, I am Ignorance it selfe in this.

Glend. She bids you, *flourish* but beare flow gently
On the wanton Rushes lay you downe,
And rest your gentle Head vpon her Lappe,
And she will sing the Song that pleaseth you,
And on your Eye-lids Crowne the God of Sleepe,
Charming your blood with pleasing heauinesse;
Making such difference betwixt Wake and Sleepe,
As is the difference betwixt Day and Night,
The houre before the Heauenly Harnes'd Teeme
Begins his Golden Progresse in the East.

Mort. With all my heart Ile sit, and heare her sing:
By that time will our Booke, I thinke, be drawne.

Glend. Doe so:

And those Musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the Ayre a thousand Leagues from thence;
And straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

Hotsp. Come Kate, thou art perfect in lying downe:
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my Head in thy Lappe.

Lady. Goe, ye giddy-Goose.

The Musicke plays.

Hotsp. Now I perceiue the Deuill vnderstands Welsh,
And 'tis no maruell he is so humorous:
Byrlady hee's a good Musitian.

Lady. Then would you be nothing but Muscical,
For you are altogether gouerned by humors:
Lye still ye Theefe, and heare the Lady sing in Welsh.

Hotsp. I had rather heare (Lady) my Brach howle in Irish.

Lady. Wouldst thou haue thy Head broken?

Hotsp. No.

Lady. Then be still.

Hotsp. Neyther, 'tis a Womans fault.

Lady. Now God helpe thee.

Hotsp. To the Welsh Ladies Bed.

Lady. What's that?

Hotsp. Peace, shee sings.

Heere the Lady sings a Welsh Song.

Hotsp. Come, Ile haue your Song too.

Lady. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hotsp. Not yours, in good sooth?

You sweare like a Comfit-makers Wife:
Not you, in good sooth; and, as true as I liue;
And, as God shall mend me; and, as sure as day:
And giuest such Sarcener suretie for thy Oathes,
As if thou neuer walk'st further then Finsbury.
Sweare me, Kate, like a Lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling Oath: and leaue in sooth,
And such protest of Pepper Ginger-bread,
To Velvet-Guards, and Sunday-Citizens.
Come, sing.

Lady. I will not sing.

Hotsp. 'Tis the next way to turne Taylor, or be Red-breast teacher: and the Indentures be drawne, Ile away

within these two howres: and so come in, when yee will.

Glend. Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are as slow,
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to goe.
By this our Booke is drawne: wee'le but seale,
And then to Horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.

King. Lords, giue vs leaue:
The Prince of Wales, and I,
Must haue some private conference:
But be neere at hand,
For wee shall presently haue neede of you.

Exeunt Lords.

I know not whether Heauen will haue it so,
For some displeasing seruice I haue done;
That in his secret Doome, out of my Blood,
Hee'le breede Reuengement, and a Scourge for me:
But thou do'st in thy passages of Life,
Make me beleue, that thou art onely mark'd
For the hot vengeance, and the Rod of heauen
To punish my Mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poore, such bare, such lewd, such meane attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude societie,
As thou art matcht withall, and grafted too,
Accompanie the greatnesse of thy blood,
And hold their leuell with thy Princely heart?

Prince. So please your Maiesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as cleare excuse,
As well as I am doublelesse I can purge
My selfe of many I am charg'd withall:
Yet such extenuation let me begge,
As in reproofe of many Tales deu's'd,
Which oit the Eare of Greatnesse needes must heare,
By smiling Pick-thankes, and base Newes-mongers;
I may for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faultie wandred, and irregular,
Finde pardon on my true submission.

King. Heauen pardon thee:
Yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections, which doe hold a Wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in Councell thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger Brother is supply'd;
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the Soule of euery man
Prophetically doe fore-thinke thy fall.
Had I so lauish of my presence beene,
So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheape to vulgar Company;
Opinion, that did helpe me to the Crowne,
Had still kept loyall to possession,
And left me in reputelesse banishment.
A fellow of no marke, nor likelyhood:
By being seldome scene, I could not stirre,
But like a Comet, I was wondred at,

That men would tell their Children, This is hee:
Others would say, Where, Which is Bullingbrooke.
And then I stole all Courtesie from Heauen,
And drest my selfe in such Humilitie,
That I did plucke Allegiance from mens hearts,
Lowd Showts and Salutations from their mouthes,
Euen in the presence of the Crowned King.
Thus I did keepe my Person fresh and new,
My Presence like a Robe Pontificall,
Ne're scene, but wondred at: and so my State,
Seldome but sumptuous, shewed like a Feast,
And wonne by rarenesse such Solemnitie.
The skipping King hee ambled vp and downe,
With shallow Iesters, and rash Bawin Wits,
Soone kindled, and soone bunt, carded his State,
Mingled his Royaltie with Carping Fooles,
Had his great Name prophaned with their Scornes,
And gaue his Countenance, against his Name,
To laugh at gybing Boyes, and stand the push
Of euery Beardlesse vaine Comparatiue;
Grew a Companion to the common Streetes,
Enscor'd himselfe to Popularitie:
That being dayly swallowed by mens Eyes,
They surfered with Honey, and began to loathe
The taste of Sweetnesse, whercof a little
More then a little, is by much too much.
So when he had occasion to be scene,
He was but as the Cuckow is in Iune,
Heard, not regarded: scene but with such Eyes,
Heard, not regarded: scene but with such Eyes,
As sicke and blunted with Communitie,
Affoord no extraordinarie Gaze,
Such as is bent on Sunne-like Maiestie,
When it shines seldome in admiring Eyes:
But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids downe,
Slept in his Face, and rendred such aspect
As Cloudie men vse to doe to their aduersaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very Line, Harry, standest thou:
For thou hast lost thy Princely Priuiledge,
With vile participation. Not an Eye
But is aware of thy common sight,
Saw mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more:
Which now doth that I would not haue it doe,
Make blinde it selfe with foolish tenderesse.

Prince. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,
Bemore my selfe.

King. For all the World,
As thou art to this houre, was Richard then,
When I from France set foot at Rauenspurgh;
And euen as I was then, is Percy now:
Now by my Scepter, and my Soule to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the State
Then thou, the shadow of Succession;
For of no Right, nor colour like to Right.
He doth fill fields with Harnes in the Realme,
Turnes head against the Lyons armed Iawes;
And being no more in debt to yeeres, then thou,
Leades ancient Lords, and reuerent Bishops on
To bloody Battailles, and to brusing Armes.
What neuer-dying Honor hath he got,
Against renowned Douglas? whose high Deedes,
Whose hot Incursions, and great Name in Armes,
Holds from all Souldiers chiefe Maioritic,
And Militarie Title Capitall.
Through all the Kingdome that acknowledge Christ,
Thrice hath the Hotspur Mars, in swathing Clothes,

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Discomfited g
Enlarged him,
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